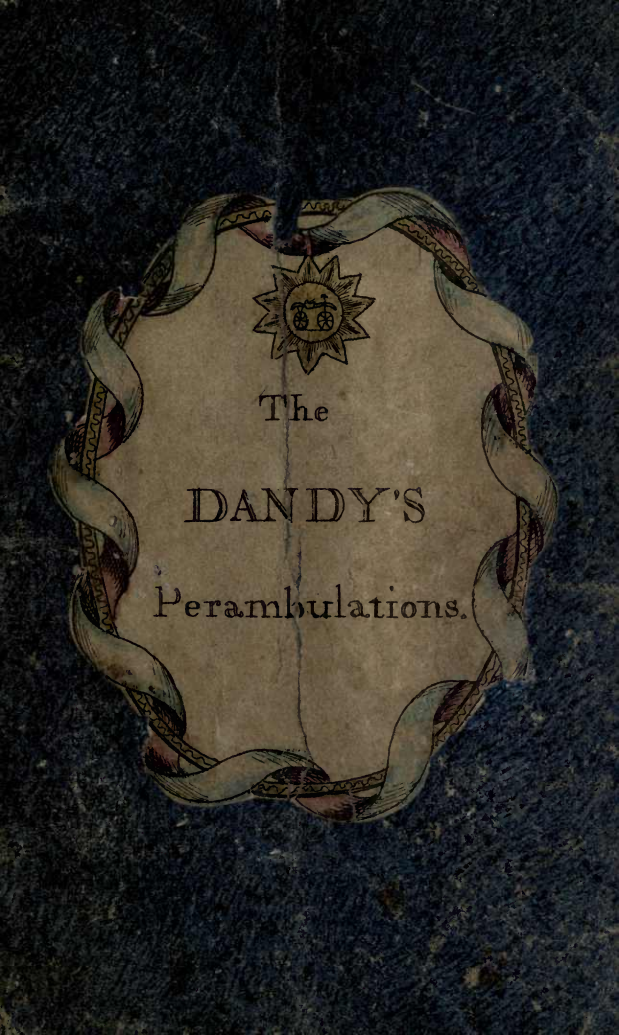
The
DANDY'S
Perambulations.

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LOS ANGELES

Five hours (and who can do it less?)

By Mr. Pink was spent in dressing.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)

By Mr. Pink was spent in dressing.

THE

DANDY'S

PERAMBULATIONS.

Embellished with Sixteen Caricature Engravings.

London:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

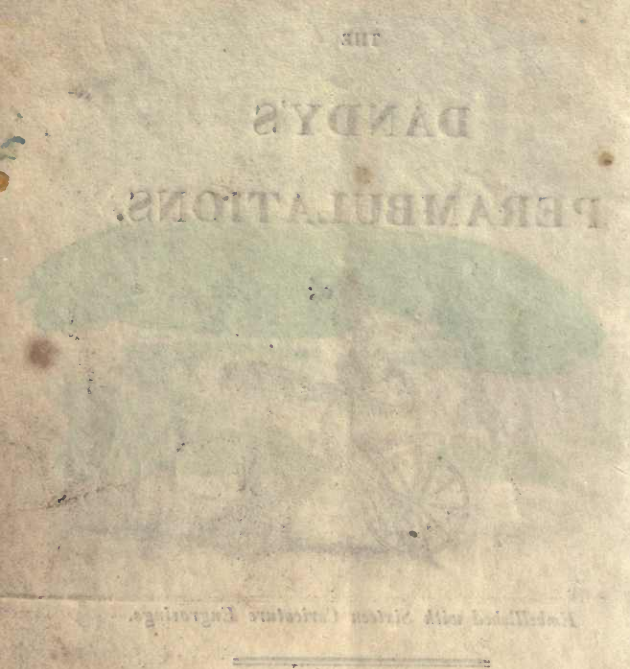
JOHN MARSHALL,

140, FLEET STREET.

From Aldermary Church-yard.

1819.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.



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The Dandy from his chamber stalks,
To take his morning lounge and walks,
And after lounging up and down
In Dandy stile, through Southwark town,
He cross'd the water in a wherry,
Walk'd up Size Lane to Bucklersbury,
And called to see his friend Mac Carey,
Who sold potatoes in an area;

When, after some conversation

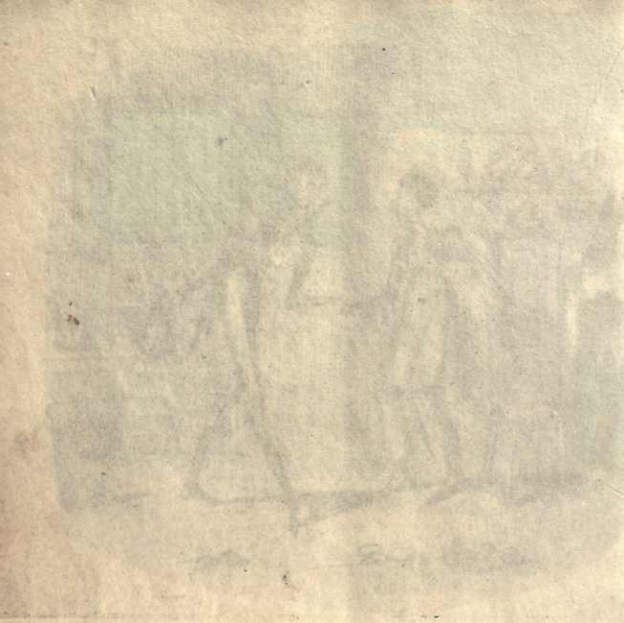
About the weather and the nation,

Propos'd to Pink a little plan,

Being a scientific man,

To take a pleasant jaunt, to view

The garden Botanic at Kew.



That they with walking might not tire,
Pink went two hobbies straight to hire;
Then with their steeds they gallop'd on,
Along the road to Kensington;
And fair their journey might be seen,
Until they came to Turnham Green,
When some rude geese began to stare
And hiss, as soon as they got there.

Now Pink had heard of geese, 'tis true,

Though he had seen but very few;

Their bold looks and terrific eyes

Fill'd him with terror and surprise;

And though of courage much he boasted,

Attack'd them best when they were roasted.

Pink in his right turn'd quickly round,

And knock'd Mac Carey on the ground;

Then fell himself (I can't tell which)

Either into a pond or ditch.

Pink in his fright turn'd quickly round,

And knock'd Mac Carey on the ground;

Then fell himself (I can't tell which)

Either into a pond or ditch.

He crawled out upon the green,

And wish'd he there had never been.

When Carey rais'd himself upright,

Star'd to see Pink in such a plight,

Then ran to help without delay,

As on the ground he fainting lay,

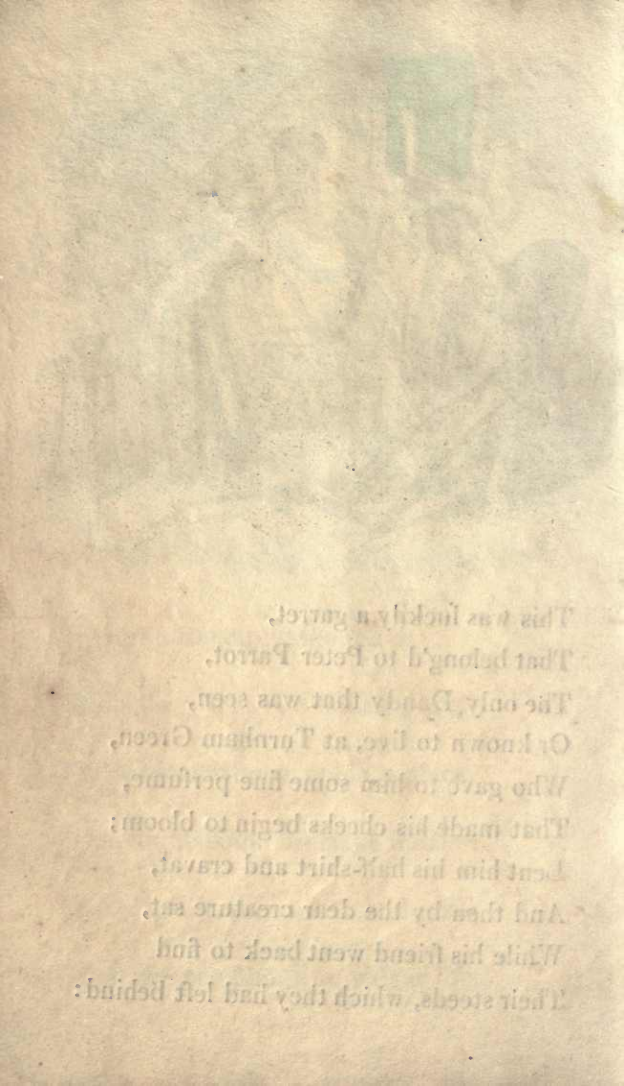
And with assistance found a place,

Wherein he could his stays unlace;

Escaping there the mirth and joke

Of all the neighbouring vulgar folk.

This was luckily a garret,
That belong'd to Peter Parrot,
The only Dandy that was seen,
Or known to live, at Turnham Green,
Who gave to him some fine perfume,
That made his cheeks begin to bloom;
Lent him his half-shirt and cravat,
And then by the dear creature sat,
While his friend went back to find
Their steeds, which they had left behind:



When searching all the common round,

There only one was to be found.

Then what to do they could not tell,

For Pink was then not very well;

So Carey took him up to ride

Upon his back, that he might guide

Their hobby, and return to town,

Intending there to set him down.

But as he went along the road,
The people laugh'd to see the load
He carried on his back upright;
So pushing on with all his might,
To avoid the teazing gabble
Of such intolerable rabble,
He tumbled o'er a poor old sow,
Who with her young made such a row,
That frighten'd Pink and Carey so,
They knew not then which way to go.

And ran along together straight,

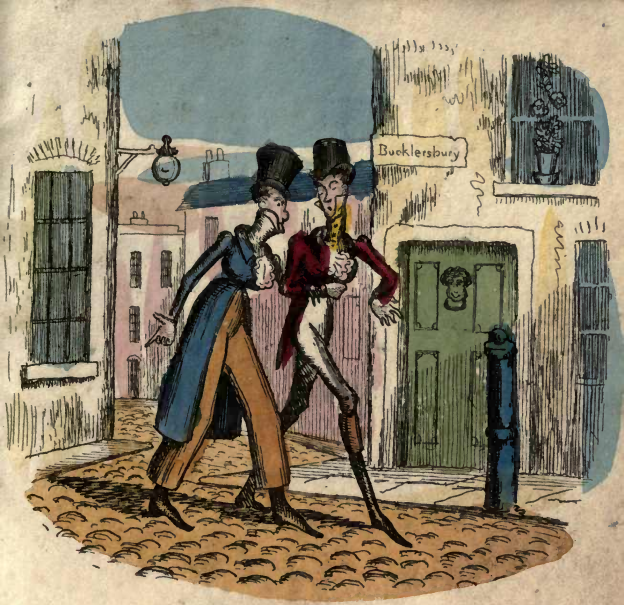
Until they reach'd the turnpike-gate,

Where a coach had made a stop;

So they both got upon the top,

And after their disastrous falls,

At length in safety reach'd St. Paul's.



Now Pink he walk'd with Carey home,

And both agreed no more to roam

Beyond the eastern town of Bow,

Or farther west than Rotten Row;

Where they could walk, and be admir'd,

Without their being so bruis'd and tir'd;

Then took leave of one another:

Pink went home to his grandmother,

And who, when he began to tell

The sad misfortunes that befel,

Declar'd that he should never roam

Again so far away from home;

Then she took him on her knee,
And poured him out a cup of tea,
And with sweet words, that I can't tell,
She sooth'd, and made him almost well;
Then, after a night's rest or two,
He will be able to renew
The task of dressing alamode,
According to the present code.
You then may see, if him you meet,
The genuine Dandy all complete.

Printed and Sold by J. Marshall, 140, Fleet Street London.